

K Jaunice (c.)

A GENUINE

L E T T E R

FROM A

FRENCH OFFICER,

L A T E

PRISONER of WAR in IRELAND,

To his Friend at

P L Y M O U T H.

D E S C R I B I N G

The CUSTOMS and MANNERS of the Inhabitants
of DUBLIN; the THEATRES and Performers there; the
ROUTS, DRUMS, ASSEMBLIES, and many other curious
Particularities, as were in Season in the Months of No-
VEMBER and DECEMBER, 1759.

D U B L I N:

Printed for PETER WILSON, in *Dame-street*.
M,DCC,LX.



ADVERTISEMENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. *Claude Jaunice*, the Writer of the following Letter, was taken by his Majesty's Ship of War *Southsea-Castle*, and carried into *Kinsale*, about two Years ago. He had made a Fortune at *Quebec* before the last War began, which was made Prize with himself, and both carried to *Plymouth*, where he remained till the Peace of *Aix*. He had received many Civilities from the Gentlemen of that Neighbourhood; as also, during his Captivity in *Ireland*, from every one who had Opportunity of knowing him, in the southern Parts of the Kingdom. He had a perpetual Pleasantry of Manners; and, in some Things, Sagacity, without pretending to Wit, with just enough of the *English* Tongue, to make him more agreeable than if he had spoken it better; which he persuaded himself, however, he spoke, and understood, in its greatest Purity. It is plain, he knew nothing of the *English* Idiom, but expresses his Sentiments, in the *French* Turn and Way of speaking, from
which,

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

which, the same Words translated, do not carry the same Ideas with original *Englisb* Words.

As the Calamities of his Country increased, he was observed to withdraw from a general Acquaintance; and, being at Liberty on his *Parole*, removed himself often from his Quarters. He came, in *October* last, to Mr. *Motley's*, in Expectation of finding a Cartel Ship, which not offering, after a Stay of some Months *incog.* he embarked on Board a *Dutchman*, leaving several Letters [open to prevent Suspicion of being a Spy] to be forwarded by Mr. *Motley*, of whom, it seems, he entertained a very high Opinion. Mr. *Motley*, on perusing the Works of his Guest, saw nothing in them worth the Expence of Postage, nor any Thing of Moment to his Friend, and very kindly communicated them to us. We are far from doubting Mr. *Motley's* Taste; but must beg Leave to differ from him in Opinion, and believe the Public will think with us, that there are some Things in them which will please, at least, by the Simplicity and *Naiveté* with which he expresses his Sentiments.

P. S. The Reader will note, that every Subject of *England*, who has the Appearance of a Gentleman, is, in *France*, called *My Lord*.

A L E T T E R



A
L E T T E R
FROM A
FRENCH OFFICER
AT
D U B L I N.

This 23 Instant of Decembre, 1759.

Sir, my good Frende,

I N my other Lettres I had the
Honour to make you know
the Recepstion and Amusement .I
meet vith in de Contry of *Irelan*,
and have be happy in de Aquen-
B tance

tance of one very good Man of Honour, Mr. *Moatlie*, vith whoom I have Lodge here dese two Month.

HE have instrock me in de Name, and Condishon of all de *Noblesse*, or *Milors* of *Irelan*; and have let a me onderstand the *Politique* of de Contry, vith all de *Entrege* of de *Messieurs* of de *Chambres*; also of de Bankieres, de Marchands, and others; and pon my Vord, ill bad Men, if he tell a me true [an I no suspect de Verity of one Man of Honor, as he] and dey have sheat de Public of moch Money. My *Hofte* have also bring me to de *Comedie* veri often; and sometime (for leetle Morfel of Money vich I give de *Swiss*) to see de Ball of de *Chatteau*, an other Dance, vid de *Noblesse*. All vich I please my self to tink, you vill be veri glad to onderstand.

DERE

DERE is one veri large House, where all de *Chambres* of de *Milors* assemble; but not togeder. Dere is one Appartment for de *Milors* and *Miladies*, vich I see but once, *Savoir*, too Days passè; and dese *Milors* and *Miladies* are de *Pairs* of *Irelan*. De other Appartment is for de *Milors* vich are no *Pairs*, an are twice so many as de other, an where I see no *Miladies* at all; and dat, I suppose, is de *Raison*, dey are so querrellsom one vid de other. My *Hofte* tell a me, dat de *Pairs* vere but few onely till too Year passè; an if dey go on, he say, as have happen in dat Time, dey vill be too many for all de Appartments to contein veri soon. Dey assemble but seldom, being, it seem, moch engagé in de Contry, vid honting, or horse-corsing, or intending deir Chorches. De other *Milors* assemble most evry Day, to menage

de Affairs of de Nashon. De first Time I go to de Gallerie of dat Appartment, vid my *Hofte* [who tell a me dere vere some who had *Penfions*, and some not, but vould demand one Penfhon soon] I vas forprize to hear Forty of *Milors* at once, crying out, veri loud, Places! Places! Places! vich signifye dey vould have all *Employs* of Profite for demselves, vich are here call * *Places* or Penfions. An dis naife continue till de President stand up in his *Chaise*, an assure dem all, *dat Gentilmen must have deir Places!* An, den, dey are all silent and content, but one, who stand up, and tell de *President*, in veri lang Discourse, how necessaire it is for de good of de Nashon,

* *Places*, in French, mean only *Squares* in Towns.

dat all Gentilmen should have good
Places.

DE *President*, who is de Prime
Ministre of dat Appartment, have
moch Trouble on his Haund. One
cry, *no!* t'oder cry, *oui!* or *aye!*
aye! den he bid dem cry out vance
more all togeder, and den dere is so
moch *Bruit* and Nayse, as would
stonne al de Veemen of de Fish-
market; dey go out, dey come in,
and den de *President* declare, *de Ayes*
have it. An den, dey all go to
Dener, every Man sure he must
have his Place next Day. But he
often fail; for I have observe, de
very next Day, dey cry out for *Places*
more and more, til de *President* pro-
mise dem again.

It vill happen sometime, dat vhen
one Gentilman stand up to make de
Observation, fourty more shal cry,
bare

bare him! bare him! bare him! Dat is one Term use at honting here, where dey call the *Lievret* Hare; vich, pardie, is veri onmanerlie to hont de Gentilman in de Housse; but I have noté, it is most Use for de Gentilmen dat no Body mind moch. Anoder Time, de President shal, all at vonce, step down, valk out vid all de reste at his Heel, torn him about, come in agen, take his Chaife, and, verie grave, tell a dem, dat he an dey have been out, and are come in agen. I no comprehend dis, onelefs may be for see some Shew, or Devershon.

I MARK, anoder Time, von Gentilman stand up, an after moch Ad-dresse, an Compliment, an beg Pardon, an half Hour Talk, most humbly beseech de *President*, dat he would use his Persuasion vid de reste of Gentilmen dere, to agree in Opinion
vid

vid him, *dat von Man, or van Vo-*
man, being Resident at de Cape of
Good Hope, in Africa, could not, at
de same Time, be Resident at de
Castle-street, in Dublin. Mon Dieu!
 say I to *Moatlíe*, vhat strange *Gali-*
matias be all dis? Who de Deevle
 shal doubt it? But take a Care;
 dere vas but tree or four Gentilmen
 out of two Hondred, could possibl^e
 advise demselve to be of dat Opi-
 nion. *Pardie* dey seem all to tink de
 Gentilman vas crazie, to amuse dem
 with soch preposterous Notion.

After this Mr. *Jaunice* proceeds to acquaint
 his Friend with the Manner of speaking pecu-
 liar to the severall Members of this Appartment;
 but as it is pretty certain, he is talking of the
Common-Council of *Dublin* all the while, we
 chuse to suppress this Part of the Letter, lest it
 give Offence to some of the worthy Citizens,
 who might be justly displeased to undergo the
 Judgment of a Foreigner, on their Proceedings,
 especially

especially at a Time, when they are particularly jealous of being *misrepresented*.

Mr. *Jaunice* next conducts his Friend to another *Chamber*, which we should suppose means the Board of *Aldermen*, if we could account for the *Ladies* being there whom he mentions ; or if his Description of the *President*, who brought *Papers in his Hand from the other Chamber*, and made a very handsome Speech on delivering them, could, in the least, agree with Mr. Recorder's speaking there. But whatever he means in this Part of the Letter, there is very little worth exhibiting to the Publick, except the *President's* Speech, in which he said, *He represented one Nashon, dat moeb more abound in Loyalty dan Vealth*, [to use the *Frenchman's* Words ;] and proceeds to give wonderful Proofs of *Ireland's* Wealth, in another Place, notwithstanding.

He takes his Friend next to the *Play-house*.

I have

I HAVE be vid my Friend, Mr. *Moatlie*, veri often at de *Comedie* *, where is dam high Price ; two *Livres* and more for de *Gallerie* ! Von Half carry you to de *Opera* at de *Parterre* ; † but, I am inform, dat de chef *Comediens* traite demselfe like de Men of *Qualité*, an de *Actrices* have large *Sallairie*, vich make de grand Price. Dey be juste as vid us ; some good, some baad. De Principals are, *Messrs. Barrie, Vood-var, Mosope, Spaarke*. *Barrie* be de fine Person, tall and vell made, and do veri vell in de *Tragedie*, when he no take too much Pain how he valk, staand, or torn about ; dat of-

* The *Comedie*, in *French*, signifies the *Playhouse* only ; and not any Species of Plays.

† The Pit in *Paris*.

ten spail all. *Voodvar*, when he do vell, is de inimitable; but he chuse to please de *Canaile* too often, vich bring de most Monie. *Mosope* be de excellent for de *Tragedie*, vich agree vell vid his Phisonomie, Person, and Vaice. 'Tis pity, vat I am told, dat he vas taght by anoder at de First, vich keep down his own *Genie*. *Spaarke* be de camical Dog, an make laaf all de varld vid his *Grimace*. Dey could no do vidout him. Dere be oder Comediens, who have deir merite. Dere is von *Foote*; but I no like him, for mimique de *Frenchman*. Dere is anoder, I forgette his Name, who mimique noting but one *Kettle-drum*, romble, romble, *toutjours*.

He proceeds now to describe the Ladies of the Theatre, and, I think, does them great Injustice; unless some Allowance may be made for his Prejudices in Favour of *French* Aëtreffes, who are under a very different Character from ours, are considered more as *private Performers* than

than on the public Stage ; and, if they give Content in their Way, are much followed by the Nobility, however they do their Part on the Stage.

DEY are all, vidout Exception, damogly, vid ded Eyes ; for vant of red on de Cheeck, no Brilliancy, no Laife 'tall, or Concupifance vatever ; but, in deir Vay of playing [vich be moch vorfe dan de *Franch* Vay] one, too or tree, be ver good *Actrices*. Von Madam *Fizenrie*, *Morbleau* ! fright a me in von Tragedie. 'Tis de *Franch* Tragedie pot in *Englis*, de *Andromache*, vich do vonderfully peint de Power of Love in Voman's Heart, in aall de Varieté of ftrange Pafhons dat come, von after t'oder, or all togeder, vhen fhe refolve on von Man, and no oder for Spoufe. *Mon dieu* ! Von Time adore, von Time hate de poor Man ; vill have him kill, becaufe

C 2

fhe

ſhe love ; den kill de Man dat kill him, becauſe ſhe hate ! Veri fine all ! but Heven garde me from de like Love. In oder Parts, Madam *Fizenrie* do vell : but is beſte in one *Furie*. Madam *D'ancere*, vid a leetle more red, would be veri lovely ; and is juſtely de *Belle-Angloife*, but no de *Franch Beauté* ; and yet de moſt *gaillarde* among dem. She pleaſe moch all de *Milors* always, do meny *Parts* vell 'nouf, an may have vhat *Sallaire* ſhe pleaſe ; dat is, fram de *Maître* of de Comedie as *Actrice*.

THERE are two or three others of the Ladies ſpecified in the Copy ; but the Letter lying in a Drawer among Tobacco-pipes, the *Names* are not legible. It is ſuppoſed, Mr. *Motley* threw it there in a Hurry. The Loſs, however, is not very great, tho' one or two would be very well pleaſed with their Characters, only he calls them *old Women*. As we abide ſcrupuloſly by the
Copy,

Copy, we shall insert nothing that is not entire. To piece any Part, were inconsistent with the Faith of an Editor. He goes next to describe the *Dancers*, and *Singers*; but, saying little in Favour of either, who, it must be owned, do not come up to *French Dancers*, or, in his Notion, *French Singers*, we chuse to pass over that Part. He had been once, it seems, at *Smock-Alley*, and mightily pleased with the Performance of Mr. *Brown*, [whom he calls *Brune*.] And we must confess, observes two Particulars in his acting; the Justice of which, we hope, in Favour of our own Taste, the best Judges will agree in.

FIRST, that he appeared to him to be the very Man he represented; and it was a good while before he could conceive him as a Player, [and yet one would wonder what else he should be there;] and next, that Mr. *Brown* preserves his Character, on the Stage, when he is out of the *Dialogue*, and shews, tho' silent, what he will say when it comes to his Turn. We agree, at least, with Mr. *Jaunice*, that this is
an

an high and necessary Talent in a Player, tho' wondrously neglected before *Garrick* came to *Dublin*. We think, notwithstanding, Mr. *Brown* over-does this silent Part; and, sometimes, his Part when not silent. He laughs well, but too long, in the *Copper Captain*, which, doubtless, he Tops; and, had he an equal *Estiphania* to play against him, would shew the most that could be done in the Character.

Mr. *Jaunice* takes Notice of Miss *Abbingdon*, we suppose, as a very promising Player, but not yet formed to her Parts. Taking Leave of the Play-house, he leads his Friend next to the Castle, on some Birth Night we imagine,

DERE is von grand *Palais*, where
de Gouverneur keep his Cour, an de
veri Magnific it be; vid large *Place*,
for de *Gardes*, an de Equipage of
de *Milors* dat come, [vait upon *,

* There is no Phrase in *French* answering this; *to go to see*, being the ordinary Expression.

dey call it here] to make deir Compliments to his Excellence. Dere is von, two, tree Chambres, to see de Varld in; but de grete Von be de veri bad Tasse where is de Ball. De *Miladies* be veri Riche in deir Dress, vich *pardie* be still veri ode. When I was in *Englan*, de *Veemen* make demselve as lovelie as dey could about de Hede; but now dey vant to be *Terrible*, an dey have deir Vissh. Dey say, 'tis *Franch* Fashon; but de Jest is, dere is no such Ting in *France*, as de Voman carry de *Chevaux de Frize*, an de *Vagon*, upon deir Hede; or dry Sweetmeat hang at deir Ear. De tire Voman, indeed, avertize de Public, dat she just a come from *France* vid de new Fashon; vhen, *Morbleau*! she have stole von Month to de Con-trey, to laye in of Shild onlie.

DERE

DERE be von Bench cover'd vid
 red Stofe, vhere de *Miladies* of
Pairs sett, and be de grete Honor
 for dem; for vich, dere is foch
 Strogle as make a me Laaf. Dey,
 at de oper End, despise dem belowe.
 Dere is von *Miladi* have spend ten
 toufand Livres at Supre, an ten
 toufand more for de *Lettre Patente*
 to gett up a leetle higher dere, vid-
 out any oder Motif vatevre, onless
 dat her Beauté may appear inde beter
 Light. I observe van *Miladie* at de
 oper End of all, dat be charmante
en Verité, an resemble moch Ma-
 dame de *Chartres*, dat vas de grande
 Beaute of *France* ten year passé; an
 anoder juste by her, dat strike my
 Eye violantly vid de *Englis* Charm;
 an dese two vere more Modeste dan
 all de reste, an I no tell vich please
 a me most. Dere vere Moltitude
 of oders dat would pass for de grete
 Beaute

Beaute seen singlé; but like de *Tulipe* dat charm alone, but is no moch admire mong many oders; so, vhen in Croud togeder, dey put out de Charm of von anoder. It must be own, dat dere is more hanfome Veemen mong de * *Englis* dan is any vhere else; but vid us, in *France*, de true *Beauté* is de greteste in de varld, vhere dere is no Mediocrité, eider veri hanfome or veri ogly.

THE remaining Part of his Observations at the Castle, might* be entertaining in general; but as he describes the Behaviour and Persons of some young Gentlemen so very particularly, that they cannot fail being known, and, perhaps would not wish to be pointed at, we leave it out for Peace Sake, or, at least, to exempt the

* All of the three Nations, in *France*, are called *English* indifferently.

Hawkers of this Paper from the Effects of their Indignation. Those he describes next, are Gentlemen of so much Sense, and peaceable Disposition, that we shan't fear offending them, by giving freely his Sentiments.

I SOMETIME amuse myself at de *Palais* *, de call here *Fore-Corts*, where is de Law to be sell. It is no so cheap as vid us, which I vonder at, as dere is von grand Croud of de Lawer, vid Bag full of it, dat valk about, for see, *who vill buy?* An I have observe, dey have very leetle Costom. I have listen with great Attenshon to de Plaidins of both Side veri often; but nevre onderstand de Meaning of vone vord, excepté *Costs*, *Costs*; dat be veri en-

* The Courts of Justice are held at the old Palace of the Kings of *France* in *Paris*.

telligible. I see, von Day, von Man come, in de grand Horry, an cry out in veri bad *French*, *Monie for de King*; anoder stand up, an demand, *who vill give it?* De oder make Answer, very visely in my Apprehenshon, *he dat have it.* Den a Man, sett on high Stool, call at von Man tree Time *to come appear in Corte.* I vonder he no come; but Mr. *Moatlie* tell a me, dere vas no soch Man leevin; so *pardie* de poor Man lose his Estate, because anoder vill not appear, dat nevre vas in mortel Existance. Dat may be good Raision for de Man not appear; but seem a to me de veri strenge Law for de other. Anoder Time, I vas sett by von Man in de Corte I know verie vell; he vas desire his Monie from de Adversaire. De Lawer, on both Side, speak veri varmlie lang Time. Den de Man, on de high Stool, call him to appear

pear tree Time over, and say vat he had ; by Gar he no more speak dan if he vere Stack or Stone. At Forst, I tink a de Man vas Deaf ; but nat at all, I see him Visper vid de Judge nest Minute.

It vas Folie, I perceive, for me to stay langer in dat Corte ; so I haste myself to anoder, where vas de veri grand Personage, mounted so high, dat I vonder vid my self, how he got dere. De Man on high Stool demand of evry Lawer, *Monie for de Poor*. Dat must be grand Sum, in all de Year, for de Poor, said I to *Moatlie*. Nat at all, he reply, dere is out of evry *Livre* van good Soufe geven to de Poor, an de rest be always bad Monie, vich vill no pass here onlie vid de rich. In dis Corte any Man may speak for himself dat vill ; but if he do, de
Lawer

Lawer at his Side vill no be able to say moch for him after, because, he say, he have confels too moch, an spoil de *Proces*; dat is, in good *Englis*, de Truth have escape him; and it would be grand Disgrace for de Lawer to befriende him any langer, an would geeve de veri bad Example. All *Proces*, in dis Corte, commonly end vhen both Partie have no more Monie, an no till den. De Man commence his *Proces* or Suit vhen he be veri rich, and finish it vhen he be veri poor; an I make a my self Laaf to see von Picture, at de Shap near the Cortes, of von Man in superbe Dress, giving Monie to de Lawer to commence his Suit for him; in anoder Picture de same Man, vidout Cloaths, an cover vid de Rag onlie, tell, in grete Joy, *I have gain my Suit.*

THERE

THERE are a Multitude more of Observations made of the Proceedings here ; but as the same Mistakes [incident to a Stranger] as are specified above, prevail in almost all of them, it would be no Way entertaining to produce them. It would require, indeed, an Apology from the Editors, should we mention some Remarks on the Practice of Attornies, whom he calls *Procurers* ; which, though doubtless as erroneous as the others, might give much Offence to the Gentlemen concerned, who must not only be Men of real Honour, but also unsuspected Integrity. We shall now attend the Gentleman to another Scene.

I vas ask von Day, by my Frende, have a you see de *Drum* yet ? I reply *yes*, I see it often pass by de Street, vid Rable at his Heel, for see Monster, or Poppet-shew. Ah ! say he, dat be no de *Drum*. An *pardie*, I find dat a *Drum*, here, signifye van *Assemblée*. *Quelle Diable d'langage est cela ?* But I on-derstand

derstand it be Metaphor, taken from beating Drum, to gadre a Croud togeder of the *Populace*; and, by vhat I see, de Metaphor vas Juste. I come into de grand *Salle*, vhere I see too hondred Men and Veemen, valking, an talking, an play Card, and fooling. Dey have just four Question, and two Answer for von anoder; and in dat consist de whole Conversation. I vas presenté to de *Miladie* of de Hause, who velcome me, an a leetle after pray me, to her next *Drum*, dat vas to be precisely dat Day four Month. I tank her for her Hospitalité, an say no more; for dere is no Escuse vill save you but Dethe, or you vil lose de inestimable Frenship of dese Persons of Qualité, who vill speak tree vords to you evry four Month, if you coltivate deir good Graces. Dese *Drums*, I onderstand, be de
niew

niew Invention, an veri wisely contrived; for de Monie paid by de Companie, buy *de Bougies*, and pay de Vages of de Valets, vich is veri vell for dem; an I would propose dey should also pay de *Mercier*, an *Milliner*, an *Upholster* dat furnish de Hause vid *Moveables*, as dey are call, vid veri grete Propriété; for *Parbleu*, 'tis even vager but dey move off soon. Dis Fashion have take Possession of all, down to de Tradesman's *Miladie*, who must have her *Drum* in de leetle *Stye* of her Closet, an Parloir, an Bedchambre, vid de *Cortains* taken down for de Porpose, and pile up in de Corner of de Room. *Mon Dieu!* vill People nevre learn, dat Superfluties, an Gallantries, should always come after Necesseries? An dat 'tis Folie, an to make laaf, when you vil be *magnifie*, an *grand*, an can no pay von half of your Dettes? I vas enragé to see so
moch

moch Folie, an valk Home veri late
in de Night vidout any *Soupre*, vich
I expect evry Moment till vas neer
Time go to Breakfast.

WE shall make no Apology for this Part of his Letter, as his Sentiments entirely fall in with our own; but can't help regretting, that he was so little acquainted with these modern Entertainments, and had not observed on the Excesses of *Gaming*, among those, who by their Age and STATION, should set better Example; and who will leave a dismal Prospect, for those who look forward to another Generation, and see there, the Beauty and good Temper of one Sex defaced, and the good Sense and rising Abilities of the other utterly perverted, and finally disabled, by having one accursed Passion, so early planted in their Mind, that, when once it has taken Root, will overshadow, and check the Growth of every Virtue of the Soul, or even possible Improvement of the Understanding. *Gaming* is like *Death*; it makes all Men and all Women equal. Equal in every Thing, in Rank always, generally in Fortune, and brings them

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all,

all, without fail, at length, to the same Level of Understanding. They must be equally senseless in every Thing else, who all have but one and the same senseless Object in their Contemplation.

MR. *Jaunice* next takes a Turn in the Streets.

DERE is, de Officere of de Gendarmes, dey call here de *Milise*. Dey be all veri great Nufance, when I valk a de Street. Dey alway carrie in de Hand, vone small Cane or Bamboe, *Svich* dey call it, poissé precisely in de Midle an point justely agen your Eye. Dey valk on flourish de Cane, vid empty Hede an idle Look-up, nevre mind a you till it come right in your Visage. An dere is no pass by; for de Blackhede link a demselves Arm in Arm veri lovingly. *Mon Dieu!* What Fashion dis? 'Tis pretty to see de
hanfome

handsome yong Ladies valk dat vay,
 but Fellow vid Leg like de Poste,
 and Face like de Vainscott, affect
 dat Tendresse, *Morbleu* make a me
 Spue; and as von Blackhed vill for
 evre imitate to'ther Blackhed, as van
 Sheep follow toder Sheep, de Fashion
 is down to de very Valets. But
 dey tell a me dese *Milise* are for no
 Service, an *parbleu* veri vell for
 dem! an veri vell for dey dat keep
 dem; for *pardie* dey vill nevre hort
 de Enemie, vid de *Bamboe*, an de
 facy Look dat terrefy de *Bourgeois*,
 onlie.

'Tis bad Street to valk here; for
 de *Vagon*, de *Fiacre*, de *Chaise*, dat
 prefs you on all Side, de execrable
 Cry of de Veemen vid de Fish, an
 oder Viands, vich de *Provost* should
 no permit. An all dese People be
 floter in Rags, an stewed in Dorte
 an Nastiness. 'Tis no for Vant

of Monie to buy Coat an Shirt,
 Dese Vermine gett more dan would
 keep an honest Familie clean an
 healthy; but all goes for Drink an
 Dram, dey call *Bolé-pouch*, or Stal-
 rinky. Dey eat less, von Dozen of
 dem, dan von single Peasant about
Plimout would eat in von Day.
 But dey tell a me de *Irish* be no
 fond of be clean; an I have ob-
 serve de veri *Miladies* go to public
 Rendezvouz in de Morning, espe-
 cially, an to de *Comedie*, as dorty
 as de *Balay* dat sweep de Cieling.
 Dis be no Compliment to de Com-
 pany, notwithstanding de Jewels dey
 wear. Moch Jewels an dorty Smock
 togeder, nevre agree vid any Ladies,
 excepté dose in *Romances*, dat have
 always de Casquet of Diamands on-
 der de Arm where it should not be,
 but no clean Shift where it should
 be. Dere is Fashion in all Ting;
 but de Fashion to be nasty, in de *Ladies*
 of

of *Qualite*, is de grete Condesen-
shon, at least, for de *Vench* dat
open her Oystre, for Two-pence de
Dozen.

THERE are many other Remarks, in this
Article of walking *Dublin* Streets, which are
too obvious to every one, to need being repeat-
ed, and which, we are sorry to observe, are
Nuisances might be easily removed, if the Inha-
bitants would concur with the Magistrate in for-
warding the Execution of the Laws; but which
are like always to remain, whilst the Dread (in
Particulars) of offending Villains, takes Place of
the Regard every honest Man should have, for
the general Convenience, and Safety of the
Whole. Timidity invites, but never obviates
Injuries. But we pass by such common Place
Remarks, which, we find by Experience, are
only made to be neglected, and come to a more
particular *Scene* of our good Friend's describing.

I HEAR

I HEAR moch de laſt Veek, of von *grand Ball* vid Soupre to be geeven by de yong *Milords*, to a Nombre of de *Filles*, or de *Miladies* of *Qualité* onmarried, but it vas Miſtake, dere vere of all Sorts at de *Ball*, an veri ſomptous it vas, at de *Street* where dey ſell de Fiſh. It vas conduct, by von Gentilman of *North-Bretan*, where, it ſeem, de *Meffieurs* have all, de grande Experience of de good Cheer, an delicat Eatin, vid all de Elegance in de Varld. Dis make a dem ſo chagrine, ven dey are compell to leave deir own Country; an dey nevre can meet vid de *Soupe*, de *Green*, de *Tornip*, de *Oatmele*, de *Cápon*(as dey call Salt-herring) or any Sort of Viands comparable to vhat dey have been uſe to at Home. Dey are, howevre, of de veri good Naturel, and vill take up vid de groſs Soupre of *Irelan*, when 'tis to ſerve

serve a Frende. I contract one Ac-
 quittance vid dis Gentilman, who
 pray me, being Foranere, to find
 my selve dere de Ball Night. Dere
 vas von hondred *my Lors*, an more
 dan haff hondred *Miladies* at Soupre.
 It cost precisely *seven tousand an fiftie*
Livres; but dat is de smal Some
 where de *Milors* be so rich. De Colla-
 tion vas Magnific. Dere vas von dozen
Boar-bedes, made by de *Milor*
Meyer's Carpenter, who be de veri
 good Vorkeman dey say. Dere vas
 forteen Potages, made by de *Englis*
 Cook, who gett *two tousan sife*
bondred an fiftie Livres for de Troble
 he take. Dere vas de Pheasant, de
 Plover, de vil Duck, an every Ting
 of de Confection, de Consomé, de
 Essence, an oder Tings to make
 People eat vhen dey can no eat. Dere
 is two Proverbe, van *Franch*, an to-
 der, *Englis*, de *Fole an his Monie* be
soon part; an de *Franch*, *ce est une*
chose

chose difficile faire boire un Asne quand il ne prove point le soif, vich my Frende, your *Maitre de Hotel*, vil rendre for your in *Englis*.

'Tis de Fashon here, almost vid all Persons, to eat *A-la-mode de France*, as dey fancie dey do, vhen de Table shal be cover vid fourty Plate of someting no Body can tell vhat. *Morbleau* dere be no soch Usage en *France*, as make de People you have pray to de Collation guess, vhat 'tis dey are eating. I have seen von Epicure shote his Eye alway vhen he do eat, dat his Palat may no be distorb in de Enjoiment of de Happieness of de good Morfel, by oder Objects coming in at de Eye to lessen his Attenshon for de Relish; but all People do no vish be Blind at Soupre, an 'tis same Ting vhen you not onderstand de Viands, nor be sure if you eat Right or no.

DIS

Dis dey call, by van strenge Phraſe, *good Leeving*. Vid us, when you ſay anoder *leeve well*, you entend he be de Man of Honor an Probité; but here it ſignifye no more onlie, but be Fole or Prodigal; for vhat concern me, I tank Heven, I paſſe mi Time vid daſe dat know vhat dey eat, an vhat dey ſpeak.

He mentions ſome aſtoniſhing Inſtances of Expenſe in our newly imported Modes of entertaining, ſome of which we omit, as they ſeem, or may be made to point too particularly; and other of his Remarks on this Head, as they ſeem to be founded on ſome very exaggerated Accounts of great Entertainments on t'other Side the Water. It was certainly never known here, that *Figures* to ſupport a *Deſerte* were made ſo tall that Partitions muſt be taken down to admit them, and the *Stucco* Cieling to have them well accommodated and placed. What he remarks, however, on one Head or two, ſeems to merit ſome Conſideration, *viz.* that a *faſe Taſte* is getting the Aſcendant in every Thing, and that Luxury is reigning here in the Boſom of Poverty

and Distress. The First proceeds entirely from the Neglect of one single Rule, *imitate Nature in her Perfections, and not in her Deformities*. It is the Business of Reason to cover the Latter, and keep a steady Eye on the Former; and in this consists, what has puzzled the World, in almost all Languages, to define and decide on *what is true and what is false Taste*? Taste, we must observe, is confined, or ought to be if we would speak distinctly, altogether to the Works of *Art*; and what is the best Art but the Imitation of perfect Nature? It may be objected, that *Taste* has Place when we judge of Things in their natural State; and that by liking or disliking them, we discover a *good* or a *bad* Taste, as when we view the natural Disposition of Plains and Mountains, Wood and Water, one of *Taste* shall be pleased, one of no Taste displeased. This is so far from Proof, that it hardly deserves a Reply. It is *Variety* that pleases one, and *Sameness* that displeases the other. We admire what is new to us, and dislike what we have been tired with viewing. Now, if there be such a distinct Faculty of the Mind as *Taste*, it must be something invariable, and we must ALWAYS like what we have liked once under its Direction. But this is contrary to Experience,

rience, when we consider natural Productions alone.

TASTE is much more frequent, than they, who value themselves on it, will be willing to allow. Wherever there is good Sense, there is good Taste, which may lie, there, dormant, with Respect to many Things, but will always judge right of what it contemplates. Let us apply this Rule of *imitating Nature* to three Particulars, and observe how easy it is for plain People to judge rightly, tho' perhaps not accurately, of them all; *Musick, Dancing, and Dress.*

THO' we have little or no direct Idea of Sounds, and must always speak of them in Terms borrowed from some other of our Senses; yet we all know, that *Musick* is intended to please the Ear, and animate the Passions; and whatever pleases the Natural, tho' it may be, unpractised, Ear, will not be disagreeable to the learned Ear, if I may so term it. In musical Compositions the Man of acquired Taste may desire something more to have full Pleasure; but will not reject it as offensive, unless he has refined himself into all Art, and no Nature. Tho' we may not know, therefore, when Musick is only good, or very good; yet it is easy to know when it is very bad,

and that always happens when it is contrived to do Honour to the Hand of the Performer, more than to please the Ear of the Hearer. What squeaking *Solos* do our fine Performers now-a-days exhibit? And how ridiculously do we applaud what we ought to resent, when we hear them leaping from one Extreme of the *Scale* to another, without any View of pleasing us, but only to shew their own *Execution*, to use the delicate Word. The Misfortune of modern Musick is, that all *Composers* are the top Fiddlers, and want to have themselves admired in the Capacity of *Fiddlers* more than as *Composers*; and surely they ought to be so considered, and ordered to perform what others of better Genius have composed. Were they Vaulters, or Tumblers, we might allow them Merit in doing Feats we had thought too difficult to be compassed.

It is the same in *Dancing*, as exhibited on the Stage. Instead of easy and graceful Motions, which shew the whole Person to Advantage, and unite Agility and Comeliness together, what have we left now but vile Representations of distorted Nature? What, but Contradictions to the natural Frame and Disposition of the Limbs? Nature has ordered that when we rise from the Ground, the Legs should come close together, and let the *Dancer* in that Attitude cut as many
Traverses

Traverses as he pleases, if he comes down in Time, and performs it with Ease, all will be graceful and pleasing. But the *Taste* now, delights in seeing the *Dancer* rise high, and keep his Legs wide asunder, to perform which he throws every Muscle from its proper Place, in-
 somuch that it affects the very Features of his Face, and it can never be done without gaping. He must lose his perpendicular Figure, for that of a Monkey, and seldom or never can keep Time, or come down light upon the Floor.

ONE of the Kings * of *France* made a Horse-dresser a *Mareschal of France*, for teaching his Horse to come into the *Lifts* on his two hind Feet, and go the Length of the Barriers without using his Fore-feet; and I don't despair of seeing Dancers on our Stage, that shall dance a *Minuet* on their Knuckles, and display their Legs for Arms. This reversed Figure, I am confident would bring the whole Town to the *Theatre*, and give great Content to a polite and crouded Audience. I see no Difficulty in it, but that of prevailing on the Lady to bear her Part in the Dance, who, perhaps, might make some little Doubt, or Scruple, touching the Decency of spreading her Limbs so wide, and that in Publick too. But

* Charles IX. *Brantome*.

if she continue obstinate, let the Gentleman Dancer take her Hand in his Foot, and lead up, which might still heighten the Grotesque.

LET any one say, if the ordinary Spectator be not a Judge of what is good or bad Dancing, if he keep *this Rule* in his Eye? He may not see so well, as the Man of Taste shall, the Beauties of Execution, in the misplaced Art of the Performer; but he can certainly see when the Design is right or wrong.

As for *Taste* in Dress, the same Rule will direct us. After Conveniency, it is intended to set off, without too much altering, the Shape. Ornament without Use, or, at least, some Pretence to Use, is the just Definition of Foppery, in every Article of Dress. *Fashion*, 'tis true, is the Opinion of the Majority, and for that Reason must be complied with, in Point, both of Sense and Manners; but in general only, and we see how little Success any particular new Mode meets with, that has no Pretence for Use, or happens to be improperly placed. A *Wind-mill* on a Lady's Head [unless it be emblematical] is surely, wrong placed. Gold and Silver Stuffs for Men's Linings, do not answer the Intention of keeping us warm, so well as those of a softer Fabric. And the Fashion [if it ever become one] calls to Mind the Taste of
an

an honest *Tar*, who having got more Prize Money than he thought could ever end, took six Yards of Brocade for a Waistcoat, ordering his Taylor, contrary to the Man's Remonstrance, to make it *Brocade* fore and aft, as well as lined with the same. Had the Piece held out, his Trowzers had been Brocade.

LET Convenience take Place, and let Ornament follow as profusely as may suit with our Fortune, provided it seems to grow from the other. Let a Bandage for a Lady's Neck be covered with Diamonds if she pleases, or a Buckle be set with them; it is no Way foppish, because Buckles and Necklaces have their Use, and the Materials are Matter of Indifference. If they answer the first End, the second may be allowed its Place, and whatever sets off the Person, is, in this View, a laudable Fashion.

WE had not digressed so far from the better Remarks of our Friend in *France*, had there been much more of his first Letter to come; and to confess Truth, this prolix, and, perhaps, disagreeable Note, has been partly, brought in, to lengthen this little Piece to a merchantable Size, and to comply with some Rules of the *Press*.

THE last Subject he discourses of in his Letter, is the *Riot*, which happened last Month, and being a Thing quite new to a *Frenchman* of the present Age, who does not know what it is to oppose aught but Prayers and Tears to the Will of Government, excited his Curiosity for seeing the Proceedings of that memorable Day.

BUT we do not think fit to publish his Observations on that Head, as, though his Mistakes be ridiculous enough, yet some of them bear too hard on some respectable Persons he saw there. He laughs much at the Notion of *French* Emissaries being employed to stir it up in order to assist Mr. *Conflan's* Troops when they should be landed on *George's-Quay*, and then proceed jointly to rob the *Exchequer*, and carry off Money enough to furnish out another Campaign for the *French* King ; with Abundance of other Comments on the supposed Causes of this extraordinary Tumult, which, however, are believed seriously to be real, by Persons of good Understanding, both here and on t'other Side.

UPON the Whole, if this Memoir prove agreeable to the Reader, we shall offer another of the Writer's Letters to the Publick.